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them had taken eight quarters' lessons, and she was forced to play. 'Yankee Doodle' was the first air, of course: then followed 'Buy a broom,' and lastly, the equally celebrated old French song, 'Ah, vous dis-je, chère maman,' was thrummed. When all the young ladies had played the same tunes, and the daughter of the house, a fine girl of seventeen, had jagged a solo, to which she sang the music herself, while five school-medals flying about gave her many a bruise, till, breathless and exhausted, she was obliged to desist, the company expressed their applause by a general stamping of the feet, and then broke up.

An American city has no other promenade but the streets. On the sabbath all the streets are closed with chains, in order to deprive the inhabitants of the pleasure of walking or riding. In New York alone, they have so far relaxed from this rigid morality, as to leave the chains down for a couple of hours in the day. Games of chance are deemed immoral in this country, and are never tolerated in any company. The sale of playing-cards and dice is prohibited; billiards and draughts are forbidden, and chess is not known; and yet a nation so fond of lucre cannot but be fond of games of chance. The Americans in fact play as deeply as they drink. Faro-banks and billiard-tables, are almost publicly kept; and the inspector and municipal authorities are induced, by a sufficient fee, to wink at the violation of the law. Sometimes, indeed, they take the delinquents by surprise, but when they have pocketed the legal penalty, and what they can squeeze out besides, they are quiet for a while.—*Translated from the "Morgenblatt," by "The Athenæum."*

THE SPIRIT OF LOUGH DERGART.*

A LEGEND OF THE SHANNON.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

By Lough Dergart's wave, where rude winds roar,
A dark spirit dwelt in time of yore;
And fishermen, fraught with wild affright,
Still shun the curst haunt of the water-sprite.

For often he lur'd the home-bound skiff
To the eddy beneath the haunted cliff,
Where the sailors' last shriek, and the rocks' reply,
Were blended in air with his fiendish joy.

Full often, beneath his evil eye,
The 'witch'd herd would fall—the harvest die;
And death-dealing shafts the fiend would fling,
As he sported in air on the tempest's wing!

Some horror-fraught deeds of this evil thing,
No legend would say, no bard would sing;
For nothing of ruth could round him dwell,
Who sprung from a witch and a fiend of hell.

His artifice bore to an early tomb,
A maid in the pride of beauty's bloom:
I wept o'er her fate long days ago,
And I'll weave in my lay the tale of wo.

This maiden would oft her pathway take
To church by the side of that lonely lake;
And the water-sprite thought, with fell design,
"O! that I could make yon maiden mine!"

When the sabbath bell toll'd with tone profound—
Though wicked ones hate the sainted sound—
He seeks the bless'd fane; and his angel eye
Of magic would steal a young maiden's sigh.

He shone, a gay knight of noble mien—
The sedge of the lake, his armour green;
And the mantle that flow'd o'er his shoulders, he
Had form'd from down of the willow tree.

He made a light boat of the wild waves' spray,
To bear to dark doom his fated prey;
And the long lily-leaves the wide lake bore,
Were the white-bosom'd sails the bright bark wore.

* Lough Dergart is a large lake formed by the waters of the Shannon, equidistant between Banagher and Limerick. In a novel called the "Monk," there is a legend much resembling this; but I have given the story exactly as tradition has preserved it among the fishermen that inhabit the banks of Lough Dergart.

The high bounding boat soon leaves the land;
The helm well obeys the green knight's hand:
No mortal e'er saw in time gone by,
A bright bark so brave—such chieftain high.

And thus have I seen some bright barks brave,
All gallantly glide o'er life's wild wave—
How dark were the hearts could say my song,
Of the loud-laughing crew that sail'd along!

He bounds from the well-moor'd bark to shore,
And God's holy house his feet explore,
Where matron and maid admired the mien,
And the blue, laughing eyes of the chieftain green.

He strode up the aisle with stately air,
And sat him beside his maiden fair;
When he press'd her white hand, her eyes betray'd,
And the glow of her cheek, the conquest made.

"My castle is gay in yon lake-girt land,
Where tall forests wave to the breezes bland:
Be queen of that isle and mine own for aye—
To death I'll decline if thou answer 'Nay.'"

She falter'd consent—and the nuptial rite
Fast bound the fair maid and the elfin knight;
But the setting sun's gleam o'er blue waves spread,
Soon lighted the bride to her watery bed!

The fresh'ning gale blew the light boat on,
The false castle's towers in the distance shone,
And the falser green knight did thus address
His bride 'mid the waters' loneliness.

"Some brave barks lightly walk the waves when prosper-
ing gales pursue,
And things of life that tread the deck may oft such pas-
sage rue;
For things of life in bravest barks may tempt the treach-
erous main,
And quit the shore to which no gale may bear them back
again.

"The wise ones say that dangers deep the smoothest
waves o'er shade,
And legends tell that genius dark would sigh for mortal maid:
If so, thy blissful bridal bed may be the oozy cave—
A water-sprite the gay green knight to whom the vow you
gave!

"Yon forests high where breezes sigh, and yonder turrets
tall,
Where the mild moon-beam sheds yellow gleam, are potent
magic all!
At my command uprose that land, and shone those turrets
fair;

Lo! from the lake their flight they take, and vanish into air.
"My own beloved bride! for thee I doff this gay disguise,
With all my native loveliness now feast thy raptur'd eyes:
This form uncouth may give thee joy when you're bound
with potent spell,
Where gnomes of horrid shape appear, and things of
darkness dwell!

"Why shriek?—the tie that made us one, no earthly
power can rend;
Beneath the deep my court I keep, then let us quick de-
scend.
This day of doom, when yearly come, shall view the tall
bark ride,
And thou be seen those arms between, thus sink beneath
the tide."

Then blended the boat with its kindred foam,
Then sunk the dark sprite to its watery home,
Then shriek'd the lost maid as her garments white
For an instant were stay'd by the breeze's flight.

Once every year, by sacred doom,
A bark o'er the wave is seen to come,
And the maiden's last shriek is heard to break
The loneliness of the moon-lit lake.

Ye maidens! beware of false ones' sighs,
And shun the warm gaze of eager eyes;
When whispers soft vows some gay green knight,
Be warn'd by the tale of the water-sprite.